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The Whispering Fairy

MARTHA S. GELLOW

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THE WHISPERING FAIRY

CONSTRUCTIVE STORIES
FOR CHILDREN

By

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Author of "The Light on the Hill," "Child Training in the Realm of Thought," "Bird Jingles and Robin Songs," "Lady Bird's Adventures," Etc., Etc.

Published by
J. F. ROWNY PRESS
Los Angeles
1923

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By
MARTHA S. GIELOW
Long Beach, Cal.

NOV 16 1923

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Dedicated to
The Members of My Happy Hour
Story Club by the Sea

THE WHISPERING FAIRY

CHAPTER I

DEPENDABLE

ONCE upon a time a crowd of the little boys and girls of Rose Mary Glen were playing in the vacant lot near their homes.

Suddenly one of the boys called out, "I say, Tots! I've just *thought* of *something!*"

All the "Tots" gathered round the speaker at once and asked—"What is it? Tell us what it IS."

"Something fine!" exclaimed William, the boy speaking—"Let's form a Club and have members like the Red Cross and play being Soldiers!"

"But the girls can't be Soldiers," said Benny.

"And we can't collect money!" said Jamie.

"We can, too," replied William, "and girls can be Soldiers in this Club, too, and we can buy candy for our meetings—so there!"

"Who's going to be President?" asked Benny.

"Well, NOT YOU, Benny," replied William, "for you are not dependable!"

"What you mean?" asked Benny.

"I mean we can't depend on you. You'd forget to come and forget to call meetings, and forget everything."

All the children laughed and poor Benny looked quite crestfallen, for he knew William had said what was true about his forgetfulness, but he straightened up and said—"I can be a member, anyhow, can't I?"

"I don't know," replied William, "we want members that we can depend on, as well as a President we can depend on—our Club is going to be a sure-enough SERVICE CLUB as well as a play club, and we will have to vote on it, for every member must be reliable."

"Just now you said DEPENDABLE," remarked Jamie.

"Well, to be dependable is to be RELIABLE! Haven't you ever heard about GARCIA?"

"Who's Garcia?"

"I think he was a Spanish General; anyway, you know who President McKinley was! Well, during the Spanish War he wanted to send a very important message to this here Garcia. No one knew where he was nor how to find him, but President McKinley wrote his letter and sent for a messenger to take it. My daddy says he

just asked for a Soldier that he could DEPEND ON; so they sent him a Soldier that the Captain knew would DO what he was told to do. President McKinley handed the letter to the Soldier and said: "Take it to Garcia!" That was all he said, and daddy says, the Soldier took the letter and saluted (like we got to do), and went out. He didn't stop to ask who Garcia was, nor what he looked like, nor where he was, nor which way to go to find him, nor anything. He just took the letter and started out on his own hook, and found Garcia, and gave him the message. That's being DEPENDABLE, and dad says anybody that's DEPENDABLE can be TRUSTED, and we can't trust anybody who is not DEPENDABLE. So our members must be as dependable as the Soldier who carried the message to Garcia."

"Say, William—'sposen YOU be President—you know how, and 'sposen we take Benny on trial!" said Tommy.

"Take me on trial, too, won't you, William!" asked Helen and Mary and several others, all together.

"All right!" said William, "now we'll organize; how many of you can take a message to Garcia?"

"You mean to do what we are told to do with-

out asking someone else and bothering the President?"

"That's IT, now how many of you are going to be DEPENDABLE?"

Every hand went up.

"That's fine!" said William, "and now we are formed in a Club our motto is to be the Golden Rule and our watchword for a whole week is 'DEPENDABLE.' Let's see how many of you can be depended on to clean up this lot and put it in order for our headquarters, and get boards and boxes for seats."

"Let's get a tent! An army tent!" exclaimed Harold, "and rig it up with a flagpole and flag and a wireless! My Uncle Jim is an Officer and he will help us, I know!"

"All right, Harold, we'll DEPEND on you for the tent and we'll depend on the girls to plant flowers, and we'll depend on the boys to clean up and get the fixings by next meeting—today a week, Saturday. Remember the password."

The Tots gave a cheer.

"What made you think of the Club, William?" asked Jamie.

"Can't you GUESS, Jamie — where's your

THINKER? your *sense*—your intelligence!" cried out several others.

"I know!" said little Helen, "it was the little WHISPERING FAIRY, our teacher told us about—she's always flitting about, we can't see her, but she whispers to us!"

"Helen guessed right," said William.

"I was trying to think what we could do to have more fun. Then I thought about the Club. The IDEA was GOOD, so we know the WHISPERING FAIRY must have been around here, for she brings only good thoughts and good ideas."

"Yes—it WAS the WHISPERING FAIRY!" said Mary, "for you were wanting to do something good to make us all happy, and the WHISPERING FAIRY is an Angel—my mother says. She says Angels are God's thoughts, and every time a good thought comes to us it is an Angel or WHISPERING FAIRY."

"I wish I could hear a WHISPERING FAIRY!" said Billy.

"Well, you can, Billy!" said Mary. "Just wish to do a kind deed, and something in your heart will tell you what to do!"

"Is THAT the WHISPERING FAIRY?"

"Of course it is—so let's all think hard and see what she'll suggest for our next meeting."

"Whoever has the best idea of service to others she will have whispered to," said Helen. "I'm going to ask her to whisper to ME."

"You will have to be *dependable,* then," said William, "and think only of doing good. I hope she'll tell us what we can do to make our Club a success. Let's see what she'll tell us, and LISTEN! LISTEN! LISTEN HARD, for she whispers so faintly no one can hear her unless we are very still when she's about."

"She's ALWAYS about!" said Mary. "My teacher says she IS, but we don't hear her unless we do keep STILL, so we must keep still and just listen hard when we want a good thought for our Club. I'm going to think of her when I go to bed tonight—maybe I will see her, too. I hope she looks like a twinkle star."

"Maybe she looks like a butterfly"—said Betty.

"No, no, Betty," replied Mary, "for she is a little spirit-fairy, and we can't see her, though she must have wings."

"Anyway, we can HEAR her," said Benny, "so all we've got to do is to always be listening for

good thoughts—that is, good ideas. Now, let's have a game of hop—I can beat—here goes!"

Off they all hopped like a flock of grasshoppers, and they had lots of fun playing until time to go home to supper, when they could hardly eat for telling of their plans for their wonderful Club —called the "TOTS' CLUB OF ROSE MARY GLEN."

Chapter II

STABILITY

The "TOTS' CLUB OF ROSE MARY GLEN" met the next Saturday in the same vacant lot, but my! What a change! All the tin cans and waste paper and trash and old paper boxes had entirely disappeared, and in the middle of the lot was a sure-enough tent with a flag flying from the top. There were nice, clean wooden boxes to sit on, and a big box for a table, and a border of ferns planted all around the tent, and flowers were set out, and everything looked "fine and dandy."

And, best of all, the "TOTS" looked so happy and full of joy; the very sunshine seemed to be dancing in fun, and all the birds that lived in the big tree near the tent were singing away, as if they had formed a band to celebrate the occasion.

William looked very proud and important as he took the President's box seat by the box table to call the roll.

"Benny!" he called out FIRST, and Benny said "Present!" as loud as ever he could.

"Mary!" "Present!"
"Helen!" "Present!"
"Betty!" "Present!"
"Jamie!" "Present!"
"Harold!" "Present!"
"Billy!" ————.

No Billy responded. The children looked about, but there was no Billy anywhere to be seen.

"Billy got tired of helping to clean up," said Jamie.

"That's as bad as not being DEPENDABLE," said William—"that shows he has no STABILITY!"

"What's *that?*" asked Jamie.

"Stability? That means he has no firmness of character, and can't stand by what he undertakes, no steadfastness—my dad would say, no STICKABILITY, and that reminds me of a story daddy told me just last night."

"What was it, William?" they all exclaimed.

"Dad said if we TOTS would stick to our plans we might become a very useful Club. But you will have to stick to it, he said, and be like the postage stamp. He said one day a great man—an English statesman—his name was Gladstone, I think, was speaking in the English Parliament

to a lot of people, and he told them that the little penny postage stamp could teach a wonderful lesson to the greatest man in the world by its STICKABILITY. Why, the little postage stamp, he said, could be depended on to take a message all around the world and stick on the job until the letter was delivered to its destination. Daddy says, that's more than some men can do—to stick to the end if it's a hard job, and dad says just think what might happen if the stamp came off, and failed to stick! Why, the letter might never get there, and it might be a letter with money in it, or with most important news. It might contain a pardon for some poor criminal, and be too late to save him. And it might be good news to somebody who would go on grieving; it might be a chance for somebody to get a job. So if the stamps were not DEPENDABLE and wouldn't stick to the job any better than Billy did, lots of things would go wrong."

"What you going to do to Billy?" asked Benny.

"Suppose we ask the WHISPERING FAIRY what to do?" suggested Mary.

"How can we ask her when we don't ever see her?" asked Helen.

"Why, we must just all get still, and think of what is best to do!"

"You mean just wish," asked Jamie.

"Yes, Jamie, *right thinking is like praying,* if we are wishing for something that's good. We must all wish and wish and wish, and in our thoughts we must want to do what is right. Then we must LISTEN for the WHISPER and we will know."

"Oh, yes!" cried Jamie—"the WHISPERING FAIRY will tell us! Say TOTS, get STILL! Get still, quick! She's bound to come and tell us what to do."

And all the TOTS got as still as mice, and wished and wished in their hearts to know what to do with Billy for not being DEPENDABLE.

I wish you could have seen them, for it was a lovely sight to see them sitting there in perfect silence to *catch* a *good thought.* And the WHISPERING FAIRY was so happy, she just filled their hearts full of love, for she is a LOVE-FAIRY whispering God's thoughts, for God is love and all good thoughts are from Him.

Mary spoke first. "I heard her!" she said softly—

"What did she say?" asked Benny.

She said—"Give Billy a chance!"

All the TOTS clapped their hands, for they all liked Billy.

"I heard her whisper 'LOVE,' said Helen.

"I felt LOVE, too," said William. "So let's all just love Billy all we can—that's the way to give him a chance. If we don't fuss with him and be kind to him, he will come back and love the Club better than he loves shirking. My teacher says we must only see the good, and everything will be good. For you know we must do unto others as we would be done by!"

All the TOTS clapped again and cried out—"The Golden Rule! The Golden Rule! Why, that's our Club motto!"

"Sure!" shouted the President, "our golden motto forever! And now, how many of you are pledged to stick? Pledged to stick like a stamp to the end of the journey?"

Every hand went up.

"Well, then, STICKABILITY is our password for *this* week—and we don't want any stamps to come off."

Just at that minute Billy peeped in the tent.

"Come in, Billy!" they all cried—"We are

going to be Club stamps, and stick to the Club and do lots of things."

"But I didn't stick!" said Billy, half-ashamed, "I was a slacker—and—and—and—I'm sorry." Billy was nearly in tears.

"That makes it all right, Billy!" said William —"you have another chance—we are going to go by our motto and do as we would be done by, stick together—and stick to our purpose—to be a SERVICE CLUB—and we want you to help us rig a wireless."

"You mean it, William! You are not going to turn me out?"

"'Cose not! I mean it, sure—you are a Charter Member—and—and—I know you'll stick on after this."

"Yes, I will!" said Billy, "I don't care how hard it is—I'll stick to it!"

"That's the way to talk, and now let's plan for a show to raise some money to work with. We need tools and games and swings and all sorts of things."

"My daddy is going to help us," said Benny.

"And my uncle who loaned the tent and the flag is going to give us a bugle, and then we can drill," said Harold.

"That's FINE!" they all exclaimed, "and now for a race!" All the TOTS filed out of the tent and lined up for a run across the lot—boys and girls, side by side. It was a jolly sight and lots of people stopped to enjoy the happy play and wished all children could be as well and full of joy.

Before the TOTS saluted the flag and lowered it for the night, they posted up the following sign on the tent:

"A big show will be given in this tent soon to buy fixings for the playgrounds of the TOTS' CLUB OF ROSE MARY GLEN."

Chapter III

WORK

"Did anyone ever see the like of *this*? Why, I can't believe my eyes! This old lot used to be a rubbish heap—and now, look!"

William's father was speaking to Harold's uncle, Jim. Uncle Jim laughed like a big boy as he looked about and examined the flagpole and the wireless apparatus he had given. There were now swings and swinging ropes and bars, and all the arrangements for making a perfect playground. And, besides, there were the flowers and the orderly fixtures inside the tent.

"How did they do it?" asked Uncle Jim.

"Why, they gave a circus and big show while you were away," replied William's father, "and of all the fun I ever saw—the whole neighborhood turned out to see it. They made a lot of dimes, and when we saw how earnest they were and how hard they had worked, we all chipped in and bought the entire playground outfit. These boys and girls are trying to *think right,* and this

is the result of their right thinking. The spirit of their understanding of the truth, and of thinking only good, and believing in the Divine guidance of God's love, is manifesting in their perfect happiness, perfect health and perfect success. We are going to have some fine men and women out of this little bunch of tots. And now Billy's father is going to let the 'Club' have the next lot for a garden, and we parents are to buy at market prices all of their vegetables and berries. We have advanced the spades and hoes and rakes so they can get to work."

"Fine! Fine!" exclaimed Uncle Jim. "If the parents and schools had only been teaching children all these years the value of right thinking, and the true fundamentals of right living and right playing, what a different world we would be living in! But it is better late than never. The children are the hope of the world! They more quickly absorb and understand the teachings of true thinking than grown people. I often think of the 'Little Nazarene' when he talked with the law-makers in the temple, when Harold tells me of how the 'Club' sits in *silence* when they want to catch a good thought, and how it always results in good, for they are living the

principle of the Golden Rule in reality and trying to do as they would be done by."

"Yes, they have caught on to a wonderful fact, and when William proves to me the absolute working of the law in the realm of thought I wish I might have had even a glimpse of this teaching when I was a boy," replied William's father.

Harold's uncle put a bright silver dollar on the box-table and wrote on a piece of paper—"This is to help the work of the *Tots'* Club of Rose Mary Glen."

The two men slipped away, for it was nearly time for the *Tots* to assemble.

It wasn't long before they filled the playgrounds with their happy laughter. William soon went to the tent and rapped with a rock on the box-table to call the "business meeting" to order. *Obedience* being one of their rule words—all the members scampered away from the swings and were soon answering the roll call in fine order.

"Someone has been in this 'clubhouse,'" said William, after calling the roll, "and left this new silver dollar and this writing, which says it is to help the work of the *Tots'* Club of Rose Mary Glen."

"I wonder who it could have been!" exclaimed several.

"It might have been the fairy!" whispered Betty.

"No, it must have been a real somebody," said Billy.

"Well, anyway, the fairy must have been along," said Mary, "for every good deed comes from a good thought, and the fairy must have been whispering to them to help us."

"That's it!" said William, "that's just it! And now we must make good with this dollar. It's like the gift of the five talents in the Bible. We must work harder than ever to double it—get our garden started. Then we want a work-shop where we can make things inside the tent (I mean the clubhouse) when it's raining."

"Carried!" cried several.

"Can't we ever *just play?*" asked Jamie.

"Why, it's *all play!*" replied William. "It's just fun to cut and saw and make things."

"But digging and planting is hard and tiresome," pleaded Jamie.

"Why, of *course* it is if you *think it is!*" remarked Helen, "and so is jumping the bars and pumping the swing, if you think it is."

"You ought to hear my Uncle Jim read about 'Tom Sawyer' ", said Harold. " 'Tom Sawyer' thought whitewashing the fence was awful hard work because it was doing something of some use, but soon as he began to make believe it was fun and play, and to whistle as he worked, why Huckleberry Finn and all the other boys standing 'round begged to do a turn at the whitewashing, and even Tom soon realized that it was the best sort of fun dipping the brush into the white suds and painting the fence all clean and white, and not work at all."

"But that was just making believe," persisted Jamie.

"No, it was changing his mind or his thought, Jamie," said Mary. "He did make believe at first, and whistled and pretended to be having fun to get the boys to help him. That was better than grumbling and shirking the job, and soon the work did become real fun to him and to all the boys. We can always change from ugly thoughts to good thoughts, and make gloomy things bright, if we try."

"Hurrah for you, Mary!" said William, "all work is play and real enjoyment, if we make it so. Father says all great men succeed by loving

their work—no one who hates their work will ever succeed."

"And mother says—'Nothing that is not worth working for is worth while' ", said Helen.

"My Uncle Jim says the same thing," said Harold, "he says everything that is worth anything has to be worked for—he says the earth is full of everything good, but we have to dig it out. The gold and silver and diamonds have to be mined, and the things we plant in the ground have to be worked. We can't have anything or make anything without work. We wouldn't have big ships or airplanes, or engines and railroads, or Panama Canals or houses and buildings. Uncle Jim says WORK is the greatest blessing to mankind. It gives people interest in life and interest in doing big things, and people at work are the happiest people of all, for the idle people have no interest to keep them busy, and so they are full of discontent and are grouchy."

"Let's take WORK for our password this week," suggested William. "Let's play at being at work —and whistle all the time—you'll see those boys looking over the fence at us, offering to come in and help with the garden—we'll get lots of new

members—you'll see—and not just for the swings."

"Carried! Carried!" cried the "Tots."

"Who wants to pick rocks off the wet lot and help clear ground for the garden?"

Every hand went up. "Good!"

"Who wants to lay off the walk down the middle?—Just two boys needed!"

Harold and Billy held up hands.

"Good! Who wants to lay off the rows for peas and other vegetables?"

Jamie held up his hands with Mary—and soon the work was all planned and laid out, and every "Tot" had a part to play, and they took up their small spades and rakes and hoes and went bravely to work and played at making a garden. They had lots of fun, and after an hour's work they took turns swinging and jumping and rolling balls and playing all sorts of games. That was a harder effort than the garden work had been. But they had thought any play was fun, no matter how hard, and they soon found out that making things, creating a garden, or a table out of a box, was even more fun than just games.

Chapter IV

DETERMINATION

One day Billy's father went around to see how the garden was coming on, and he certainly felt proud when he saw what the "Tots" had done with his vacant lot. Radishes and peas and beans and onions were coming up in nice stately rows. Billy had told him how the Club members had watched the seed sprout, and what wonderful fun it was to see the tiny leaves put out their little hands for the sun to warm and take hold of, and to see plants bob up in a night, after a shower. To watch them grow was the greatest fun they had ever had. Now Billy wanted to plant some pumpkin seed because it bore the biggest of all vegetables. His father had advised him not to do so, as he explained, one pumpkin vine would fill up the entire lot, but Mr. Billy thought he knew best, and so he planted, not one, but several pumpkin seeds. So his father was taking a peep to see if they were up, for he knew what the result of Billy's determination

would be. Sure enough, there were the little pumpkin seeds sprouting up in several places—two little fat, saucy leaves like rabbit ears—and you could almost see little twinkling eyes peeping from under them, looking to see which way they were going to run, and in fact they decided to run all over the garden in every direction. Billy's father chuckled, as he noted the coming rain, for he knew what would happen after a week of showers.

A week or more after that the rain stopped and the sun came out, and old "Sol" took a peep at the garden to warm up things, and he must have smiled brightly at the progress the plants were making, especially the pumpkin vines. The Tots were eager to see how the growing was coming on, and so as soon as it was dry enough, they went in a body to the garden to see how things looked. Everything looked fresh and green and fine, but lo and behold, there was a big green vine, running all over everything, and pushing down other plants that were not strong enough to hold up.

"What in the world is all that covering up our lettuce and radishes and peas?" exclaimed Betty.

"It must be Billy's pumpkins," William said.

"Here it is all over my peas," cried Mary, "and here it is running all over the walk we made so smooth, and we can hardly get along without being tripped up."

"What are we going to do with it?" asked Helen.

"I'll clip the ends off," said Billy regretfully, and he took his hoe and chopped off all the long runners that were destroying the other plants.

In a few days, however, the pumpkin vines put out fresh runners and almost like the magic gourd vine of the Bible story, that grew up in a night to cover Jonah from the sun, the entire garden was a network of scrambling pumpkin vines, that threatened to overgrow and destroy everything else, and *that* was not doing right by others.

Poor Billy was in despair—he had been determined to have his way and he had to learn that determination was only good when applied in a right direction. He had to pull up every one of his pumpkin vines, except one—which he had in a far corner and tried to keep fenced in. He got over being teased and laughed at, for in time he had a fine big yellow pumpkin which was a pride to the garden and Club members.

DETERMINATION

"We will take DETERMINATION for our next watchword," said William as he closed the meeting. DETERMINATION is a *great force.* See what we've done by DETERMINATION with making our garden—we can do whatever we want to do, if we are *determined,* and stick to it."

The members all clapped and the meeting adjourned.

One day when the Tots gathered for work in the garden and to gather the ripening vegetables, Helen and Mary and little Martha cried out, "Oh, boys, come here! Something has been eating the lettuce and every cabbage plant has been nipped!"

Sure enough it was true.

"What can it be?" asked Betty.

"It must be a mole, or a rabbit, or something of the kind," said William, "and we must think what is best to do to protect our things from such marauders."

"What are marauders?" asked Jamie.

"Why, marauders are thieves!" exclaimed Billy, "and I'd just like to catch them nibbling my pumpkin!"

"But how are we going to catch them?" asked Martha.

"I know! I know!" cried Harold; "let's have a 'tar baby'—don't you remember the story Uncle Jim told us about Mr. Fox? He had a garden of peanuts—he called 'em goobers—and one night he found that some one had been digging—he said grabbing his goobers, which grow in the ground. So to catch the thief he made a big tar baby and put it in the middle of his goober patch. That night Mr. Rabbit, who was the one that had been helping himself to Mr. Fox's goobers, came clippety-clip-clippety-clip to the garden. He saw the tar baby and called out, 'Who's dat standing dar stealing Brer Fox's goobers?' Nobody answered, so he got bold and walked up to the tar baby and said, 'Where's your manners? Why don't you speak when you're asked a question? I'm going to teach you some manners,' and with that the bold Mr. Rabbit hauled off and hit the tar baby with his foot—co-plunk! And his foot stuck fast in the tar, and there he stuck till Mr. Fox came to the garden next day and gave him a licking and pulled him off. I'm sure it's a rabbit that's stealing our things, but we haven't any tar, so just let's fix a trap, and catch him."

"Carried! Carried!" they all cried, and off

they started for the shop, where they made a nice little trap, and took it to the cabbage bed and set it where Mr. Rabbit, or who ever it was, seemed to like the nice crisp leaves best. Next morning, the Tots hurried to the garden, and peeped in the trap, but there was no sign of a rabbit. While they were thinking what to do next, a tiny little bunnie ran out from under a lettuce head and scampered away across the garden.

The Tots were so taken by surprise they could hardly move, but seeing the bunnie pause to look back, they ran after him, calling out, "Stop, thief! Stop!" The poor little frightened bunnie did stop; he was so scared he couldn't hop a step farther, and Martha ran up to him and covered him with her two hands.

All the Tots gathered around the captured culprit, and bunnie looked so cute and innocent, and trembled so pitifully, they all wanted to keep him for a pet, and give him all the cabbage leaves and lettuce he could eat.

"Of course he didn't know it was wrong to help himself to our vegetables," said Betty, "so don't let's call him a thief—let's be good to him and give him all he needs to eat, then he won't

steal. I mean he won't take things. Let's do to him as we would have him do to us."

"Carried! Carried!" cried the Club members, and clapped so heartily that poor little bunnie nearly jumped out of Martha's arms.

"Let's make a pretty cage out of the trap!" said William.

"Carried! Carried!" they all cried again, and taking the trap that bunnie had walked in and out of, he was so tiny, they went to the workshop and made a pretty cage, and filled it with good crisp leaves, and put bunnie in it, in a pretty corner of the playground, where he lived happily. He grew nicely and became so tame the Tots made him an honorary member of the Club, and let him run around the playgrounds and garden whenever he wanted to, and he never did nibble the plants, for he was well fed, and trained to eat in his own corner.

"Bunnie is a real good Christian bunnie now," said Betty one day; "he *never* takes what does not belong to him, and I am sure he knows right from wrong. Yes, he certainly knows the Golden Rule and tries to live by it just as we do."

"Of course he does," replied Helen; "he can think, and I am sure the whispering fairy puts

good thoughts in his funny little head, and he is just full of love. See how he looks at us, and nestles up to us? He seems to understand all we say. See how he watches us play and runs after us and to meet us? Oh, he is such a darling, I'm so glad he came!"

"I wish we had another live pet to play with and keep him company!" said Betty.

"Well, we can," said Mary. "All we've got to do is to wish for it, and think the right thoughts about it."

"The whispering fairy must be around," said Jamie, "for she brings us all our good wishes and ideas on her magic wings, and takes our good thoughts and good wishes right to God, for she is the Angel messenger."

"That's so," said Betty, "so let's all wish for another rabbit or some nice pet tonight when we say our prayers in the silence."

"I will!" "I will!" "I will!" they all exclaimed, and so after the last game of ball, they all went home as happy as happy could be to tell their parents about their good times and how they were going to wish in their prayers for another live pet to play with.

Chapter V

INTEGRITY

The Tots were having a meeting in their Club House. There were lots of new members and they were all as happy as could be and as busy as a hive of busy bees making honey. Bunnie rabbit was present, sitting in his cage listening, and one of the little new members named Catherine who held a little snow-white doggie in her lap which she called Snowball. Betty was sitting by Catherine and held another little doggie in her lap almost as pretty as "Snowball," only he was brown, so she called him "Brownie."

William, the President of the Club, said he wanted to tell all the members of the Tots' Club of Rosemary Glen about one of the new members. "No, *three* of the new members!" cried Betty, "for we have two doggies and Catherine which makes three." All the Tots laughed and clapped their hands, and then waited for William to speak.

"Well," said William, seeing they were all

quiet, "let me tell you a wonderful thing. You remember at our last meeting we were going to wish for another sure-enough pet to play with our little bunnie rabbit. Every one of us wished and wished and wished, and I know the little whispering fairy, which is also a little *listening* fairy, for she listens to everything we think, must have listened and heard our wishes for another little pet, for while Betty and Mary were walking in the park they saw a little snow-white doggie running about sniffing the ground and whining like a little lost child. And he was lost, and he was so scared he didn't know what to do. Betty called to the little lost puppy, and said: 'Come here, little doggie; I will take care of you. Don't cry, little doggie, don't cry and don't be afraid. Mary and I will take care of you until your owner comes.' The doggie ran to Betty and snuggled up to her and looked so glad, and Betty wanted awfully to keep the little doggie as her very own, but she remembered our Golden Rule Club Motto, to 'do to others as we would have others do to us,' and she knew it would be wrong."

"Yes," said Mary, "we felt sure somebody that owned him was looking for him and perhaps cry-

ing right then, so we started at once to look all over the park for the owner, though we did want to keep him so badly."

"But our Club stands for Integrity," said William.

"What's integrity"? asked Billy.

"Why, it means being honest and truthful and doing the right thing. Billy and Betty and Mary are honest and truthful, as all of us try to be, and we must stand for doing right always and we will always be trusted."

"That's so, William," said Harold. "Uncle Jim says if a man has integrity he's all right, for everybody will trust him."

"Well," continued William, "Mary and Betty looked and looked and looked and they couldn't find the owner of the little dog. It was getting late and they were tired of walking, so they sat down to rest and to think what to do. 'We can't leave him in the park,' said Betty, 'for some one who doesn't live by the Golden Rule might take him and keep him and that would be so mean.' 'Yes,' said Mary, 'and if we leave him some big dog might fight him. Oh! what shall we do?' 'We must do what's right,' repeated Betty. 'Let us think what is best.' After a little quiet rest

Betty said: 'Mary, I know what to do; we will take the doggie home and care for him tonight and get Father to put a notice in the morning paper saying we have found the little lost doggie, and the owner can call for him at our house.' 'Why, Betty, that's the very idea. Let's hurry home quick.' The little doggie seemed to understand and he wagged his little tail and said bow-wow, bow-wow, and ran along with Betty and Mary, and when they reached home he ate a saucer full of bread and milk and curled up in a little basket they fixed for him and went sound asleep. Betty's mother gave the girls an extra nice supper for being so kind to the little lost doggie, and said they did the right thing to bring him home. Betty's father went at once to the newspaper office and put in the notice. Mary and Betty slept all night and dreamed that the little doggie was their own little doggie to keep. But there was another little girl named Catherine who did not sleep nor dream, for she was crying all night for her lost pet. In the morning, however, her mother read the notice in the paper that their precious pet was found, and Catherine was so happy she and her mother went at once to Betty's home to get their pet. They rang the

door bell and there was little Snowball, so happy to see them he jumped up and down and bow-wowed as loud as he could. Betty and Mary had learned to love him so dearly they were sorry to give him up, and Catherine told them not to be sorry, for Snowball had a tiny little brother they were going to give away, and she would give him to them. Oh! how happy they were. Betty and Mary threw their arms around Catherine and kissed her and thanked her, and they went home with her and her mother and got the lovely little brown puppy you see in Betty's lap. You see it is always best to be true and honest and never to keep what is not your own. Now Catherine is to be a member of our Club, and Snowball and Brownie are also to be members, and we have gotten our wish for another live pet."

So let's take INTEGRITY for our motto this week. All the members clapped and clapped so loud that Bunnie rabbit was frightened and ran out of his cage, and Snowball and Brownie ran after him, and all the Tots ran after the little doggies to keep them from hurting Bunnie, and such a happy time as they did have. The doggies and bunnie became fast friends, and the doggies always come to the Club meetings to

play and frolic with bunnie, who lives in the Club garden in his nice little cage, and all the Tots love him and the doggies and they all have great fun together.

Chapter VI

COURTESY

It was a fine day and the Tots were all in their Club playgrounds having lots of fun, for it was Saturday and they were free from school all day.

Betty and Mary and Helen and Catherine and Martha were sewing doll clothes, while the boys were swinging and exercising on the bars.

Snowball and Brownie were running around with Bunnie rabbit, while the two pet robins sat on the top of the pretty bird house the Tots had made for them, singing for dear life. Presently, William rang the Club bell for the Club meeting to begin and all the Tots ran to the Club House as fas as they could run, the doggies and Bunnie rabbit running after them.

William called the roll, and all answered "Present" but Billy.

"I wonder why Billy does not come," said William.

"There he comes now," said Harold.

"What made you so late, Billy? We have

been waiting to call the roll and open the Club meeting ever so long," said William.

"I took an old lady home," replied Billy.

"Who was she?"

"I don't know."

"What did you have to take her home for?"

"Well, William, she was old and she fell down. I helped her up and picked up her things. Some boys laughed."

"Did you laugh, Billy?"

"No, of course not, William; it wouldn't have been polite, but it was funny seeing her fall and things running in every direction. But I just wouldn't laugh when the other boys laughed. She was a poor old woman and trembled terribly. I ran to help her up and then picked up her things. She asked me to help her get home. She is very poor and works for people, and when she got to her tumble-down-looking house she thanked me just as polite and nice as any lady and said, 'Little boy, you must have a nice mother to teach you such good manners. You have the courtesy of Sir Walter Raleigh.' 'Who is he?' I asked her, but she only said, 'Ask your mother.' What's courtesy, William?"

"Why, Billy, don't you know? Courtesy means

politeness, and don't you know who Sir Walter Raleigh was?"

"I do," sang out Harold. "He was the politest man that ever lived. Why, Billy, what do you think he did?"

"What?"

"Why, one day he met the Queen out walking. She came walking along and there was a big mud puddle right in the way, and she had to walk right in it to get by, and I don't suppose she had on any rubbers. Well, Sir Walter Raleigh was so polite he jerked off his fine silk military cape, like Uncle Jim's, only finer, and he spread it right over that muddy place for the Queen to walk on so she wouldn't muddy her feet."

"Oh, Harold," exclaimed several of the members, "did she *walk* on his *fine cape?*"

"Sure," said Harold.

"What did she say?" asked Martha.

"Why, the Queen was so pleased she thanked Sir Walter."

"And what did *he* say?"

"Why, he said, of course, 'You are welcome; don't mention it,' and the Queen shook hands with him and made him a Knight."

"What's a Knight?" asked Billy.

"Why, it's a big rank like a military general, a champion," said William.

"Well, Billy is a champion too," said Betty. "I think it was just as nice and polite to help that poor old lady, and nicer too when those boys were laughing. They had no courtesy. I wish they knew about Sir Walter Raleigh."

"Let's have courtesy for our watchword for the coming week," said William, "and see how courteous and polite we can all be."

"Oh, yes," said Harold, "for Uncle Jim says politeness is the true test of a gentleman or lady. No real gentleman or lady is ever impolite or rude."

"My grandmother told me that, too," said Martha, "and she is reading me a little book called 'The Charm of Fine Manners,' by her friend, Mrs. Starrett. It is lovely and it says good manners mean good breeding and good bringing up, and we must always be polite."

"Goodness!" said Mary, "then no one must ever get angry and say mean things."

"No real lady ever does," said Helen. "If real ladies get mad they control their tempers and don't forget their manners and say ugly, mean

things to hurt people's feelings just because they are mad about something."

"They must live by the Golden Rule," said Betty. "I believe the whispering fairy whispered to Sir Walter Raleigh, and she surely did whisper to Billy to help that old lady."

"Let's go to see that poor old lady," said Martha, "and take her some flowers from our Club garden."

"Oh, yes, we will," replied Betty, "and Billy will go with us and show us where she lives."

And Billy did go with them and the old lady was so glad to see the little girls, what do you think she did? Why, she gave them the prettiest little gray kitten you ever saw, and now they have a kitten and two puppies and a bunnie rabbit, and two robins that live in the bird box on the tree.

All the Tots love the pets and bring them to all the meetings so they can play together in their playgrounds. They named the little kitten the old lady gave them "Queenie," for Queen Elizabeth, and Queenie has a blue ribbon around her neck and is very proud of it.

Chapter VII

GRATITUDE

The Fairies' Birthday Party

One day the members of the Tots' Club were gathered in the army tent Harold's Uncle Jim had loaned them for a Club House. It was raining and they could not play out doors, so they began to cut paper dolls and fix a play house. In the middle they fixed a large round table made of pasteboard, and they had little pasteboard chairs all around it. They decorated it with flowers and grass and shells and rocks and all sorts of things they had brought in. It looked so pretty, William said it looked just like Fairyland. Now all the members of the Tots' Club loved fairy tales, and especially stories told them by their teacher of the little Whispering Fairies that whisper good thoughts to tell little children how to do kind deeds to make others happy. Cathering said, "William, our doll house does look like Fairyland, sure enough, so let's turn it into a real fairy house and make a real party

for all the fairies." "Fine! Fine!" cried all the Tots. "Let's make it a real, sure-enough birthday party for the fairies." They all clapped hands, and Bunnie and the doggies whisked about in great glee. William ran home, as the sun had come out, and brought a lot of tiny candles and some cake and candy and goodies of all kinds his mother fixed for the party. Everything was put on the table and the candles were ready for lighting. All the Tots gathered around waiting to see the candles lit.

"This looks like our Thanksgiving dinner," said Betty. "We had everything but candles."

"Well, this can be a thanksgiving party," said William, "for this is some of our Thanksgiving cake and goodies left over from our Thanksgiving dinner yesterday, and we will give the fairies a Thanksgiving birthday party."

"What's Thanksgiving for?" asked Billy.

"Why, Billy, thanksgiving is being grateful and having gratitude for all the blessings and good that have come to us through the year, and all the churches ring their bells and hold services on Thanksgiving."

"And we are going to celebrate the dear little

fairies' birthdays with real thanksgiving, aren't we, William," said Mary.

"Oh, we love the fairies, don't we, Mary?" said Betty. I love to think about fairies and I think they will all come to enjoy their party. Let's light the candles quick, quick, quick!"

William got a match and lit the candles that were arranged all around the table and in the middle.

"Now let's keep still," said Betty, "and watch for the fairies—let's call them."

Mary tinkled a tiny bell and then they all called softly: "Little fairies, little fairies, come to your birthday party, little fairies."

Catherine whispered: "I think the fairies are coming. I think I hear them! Oh, let's go and bring our teacher over to see them! Let's take her some of this home-made candy and cake."

"I say, Catherine," whispered Jack, "the fairies are certainly here; it must have been a good fairy that whispered in your heart to carry a treat to our teacher."

"Sure," whispered Jim, who had already fixed a slice of cake and some candy on a plate and covered it with pretty red leaves and a rose on

top. "Sure they are here!" The Tots all whispered, "The fairies are here; the fairies are here; we know thy are here." "I think I see a tiny fairy sitting on that pansy by the red candle there," whispered Jack. "I am sure there is one sitting right on the heart of this red rose we are taking our teacher," whispered Jim. "Oh, I think I hear them flitting all around," whispered Charlotte. Martha was so excited she took the little doll bell and tinkled it for the fairies to dance by. The Tots were so happy they couldn't stay still any longer. They all got up to go across the avenue to surprise their teacher with some of the party and to bring her to see the table and candles. They went in the teacher's studio very quietly and slipped the plate near her on the desk where she was sitting. The teacher looked up and said, smiling: "Why, the fairies must have been here. Oh, how pretty, how pretty and sweet!"

"Look under the flowers," said Catherine, coming forward. All the children gathered round as the teacher lifted the pretty leaves and flowers and found the candy and cake in the bottom of the plate. 'Oh! Oh! how nice, how nice," she

said. "I knew the fairies were about. I am so much obliged."

"Well," said the children, "we came to invite you to see our Fairyland where we are giving the fairies a party." The teacher was delighted to go, and, surrounded by the happy members of the Club, went with them to the party. When she saw the Fairyland they had made and all the paper dolls and flowers and the little red candles lit and shining like tiny stars, she was so pleased and happy she exclaimed, "Oh, how pretty! But whose birthday is it?" The children danced around in glee, and they said, laughing, "Guess. It's the *fairies' birthday.* We are giving the fairies a thanksgiving birthday party."

"Well, it is the prettiest birthday party I ever saw," said the teacher, "and the only birthday party to fairies I ever heard of. I am sure the fairies are delighted and are flitting about and dancing all around and having a jolly good time. I can almost fancy I see them, but the *whispering fairies,* you know, are invisible; they are the good thoughts that whisper to us when we do kindly deeds to make others happy."

"Yes, we know," said William, "and this is a thanksgiving birthday party to the fairies in

gratitude for all the good thoughts they bring us."

"How lovely," said the teacher. "I wish all of my class at school belonged to the Tots' Club. And now, children, in *gratitude* for your kindness in bringing me some of the party and inviting me to see the Fairyland you have made, I am going to tell you a story."

The children were delighted and they all sat down around the table to enjoy the goodies and listen to the pretty story from their dear teacher. It was a very happy birthday party and the fairies must have been well pleased as they skipped about on the flowers and grasses, and sat in the little pink shells to listen to the story, which was all about fairies, and they flew away to whisper the good news to other little children and to fill their hearts with love and gratitude and kind deeds to others.

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